

## Daily Eagle

PURITY.

Like a ship, started thing she stood  
In the wild range of the woods;  
Her violet eyes in sweet surprise  
Seemed some fair shadow of the skies;  
In her white hands some bluebell's spot  
Their living breath in soft content;  
Her parted lips their white pearls showing  
Her cheeks like rose hues pale and glowing,  
And all her children's innocent  
Gleam, guard, protector and defense.

What started her? A heavy tread  
Through the dim aisles, and overhead  
By unsifted leaves and vibrant tresses,  
And what of heaven such shade allowed,  
All day sweet sounds had been utter-  
ed, far reaching, and far over  
Of birds, low, whispering winds and over  
The nearer fields of grass and clover  
Came tinkling cow bells drifting through,  
As violet tints the dusk and dew.

A tramp comes out of the pine forest  
Shoulder beneath his heavy load;  
He stops, wild, hungry, outwaded, there;  
His haggard eyes the girl's eyes pierce;  
But something in her tender light  
Checks his half savage mood, despite  
The lawless, desperate soul within.  
That solemn steps at once or sin;  
He moves aside—she passes by,  
Saved by the power of purity.

—MARY A. BROWN in Frank Leslie's.

## A TRAVELING LIAR.

One afternoon in September, as I was  
telling over a rocky trail in the Smoky  
mountains, which range of the Blue Ridge  
separates Tennessee and North Carolina  
for many miles, a girl about 18 years of  
age, bareheaded, barefooted, and having  
on a single garment made of cheap stuff,  
suddenly jumped into the road a few feet  
ahead of me, and I had failed to see her  
hold on a bundle of roots and bark  
and was up and off like a shot. She  
passed me without seeming to see me,  
and next minute a bear came rolling out  
of the bushes upon the spot she had  
passed. I had a big revolver,  
and I had it handy, and I was dead  
before he could suspect how my hair stood  
on end and my legs wobbled. He wasn't  
fifteen feet away, and he looked as big  
as a yearling calf, and even if I did shoot  
with my eyes shut he would have been  
ahead of me if I had failed to kill him  
with six bullets. He was kicking his last  
when the girl came back, regarded him  
with bulging eyes for a moment, and then  
said:

"Lordy, but I thought I was a goner.  
Who be you?"

"Oh, I happened along here. Why  
didn't you scream?"

"Couldn't. I hadn't wind left."

"How far did he chase you?"

"A right smart."

"Well, who are you?"

"Susan. Come up to the house."

She picked up the root bundle and  
started on ahead, and a quarter of a mile  
above we came to a cove and the inevitable  
mountain cabin. The cove was the same—  
the same cabin the same—surroundings  
the same as a score of others. Arel the  
cabin, miserably dressed woman stood in  
the door, two children rolled on the  
ground, and a big dog slouched out of  
the cabin and growled fiercely at the approach  
of a stranger. Susan led me straight to  
the door, and as we halted on the thresh-  
old she exclaimed:

"He was chasing me. He 'un killed it  
with his pepper."

As soon as the matter was understood  
the three of us went back, made a litter,  
and after a hard tug got the bear to the  
cabin. We just arrived when the  
husband came home, having been off on a  
hunt, and the girl traced up, got a rest  
for her back against the house, and told  
the story as follows:

"Got my foot tied up. Bear cum for  
me. Took a run. Met him. He 'un  
never run. He 'un shot me. Pop! pop!  
pop! Went back. Bear was dead.  
Told him to come up and see me. Un.  
Gin him by paw, pop."

"Stranger," said the man as he came  
over to me with outstretched hand, "put  
it there! Stranger you saved that girl's  
life for snail. Man, give him yer paw."  
"He thankful, shore I am," she said, as  
we shook hands.

I wanted to go five miles further up the  
trail, to Uncle Joe Billings' place, but  
there was a general protest on the instant.  
"Stranger, do you 'un think we 'un  
'heathen?" We were poor and forlorn and  
shookles, but we got feelings. You've  
got to stop right here till to-morrow."

"Deed he has!" added the wife. "No-  
body as saves our Suse from a bear is  
gonne to walk off like a dand."

"I thought I was dead, gone when I  
heard him go pop! pop! pop!" said Susan,  
"and the bear fell down in a heap."

Then there came a period of silence,  
with every one looking full at me. I  
knew what was coming. It had come a  
dozen times in former life. The man was  
uneasy, while the wife looked puzzled.  
By and by the husband hesitatingly  
began:

"Stranger, we 'uns is thankful to you  
'uns but—but—"

"It don't make no difference, I say!" ex-  
claimed Susan.

"Yes, her do," replied the father as he  
pulled a piece of bark from the log.  
"Stranger, we 'uns want to know if—"

He couldn't get it out.

"You want to know what I'm doing  
here," I suggested.

"That's it."

"Well, I'm traveling for health and to  
see how you people live."

"What from?"

"Michigan."

"Then you 'un is a Yankee?"

"Yes."

"And you fit into the war?"

"Yes."

"And you wallowed us?"

"Yes."

"And you ain't no spy?"

"Never."

"Stranger, I believe you! Put it there!  
Nobody who fit into the war would be  
mean 'un to come spyin'. Just feel right  
to home. All we've got belongs to you."

It was the turn of an old man, who  
had thus far preserved the strictest silence.  
He cleared his throat, uncrossed his legs  
and observed:

"And I reckon you may hev' sawn the  
prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"What! You hev'?" exclaimed all in  
chorus.

"Certainly, and shaken hands with  
him."

"Oh, Lordy! Oh, my soul! but how has  
he got the nerve to be so?" whispered the  
women, while the others uttered a sort of  
groan over my wickedness.

There was deep silence for several  
minutes, and then the visiting female  
leaned forward and said to her husband  
across the room:

"Joseph, ax him about balloons and  
telephones."

"I have seen a balloon," I replied.  
"Land! but listen to him!"

"And I have talked through a tele-  
phone."

"How many times?"

"Five hundred."

The women dropped their snuff sticks,  
and each man half started up. They  
looked from one to another and then at  
me, and by and by the visiting female  
slipped off her chair with the words:

"Fores and needy feller stammers, let us  
pray for him!"

And I'm writing you the solemn truth  
when I tell you that prayer went clean  
around the room, and it was all for my  
benefit.

Next day when I was ready to go the  
mountain gave me a hearty shake of the  
hand, called the children up to bid  
good-by, and as I started off he whis-  
pered:

"If ye stop with any of the boys to-  
night, out of it short what ye saw the  
ocean. The hull of it is too much for our  
doan!"—M. Quid in Detroit Free Press.

A Library in Siberia.

From the house of the governor I went,  
upon his recommendation, to the public  
library, an unpretending log house in the  
middle of the town, where I found a small  
anthropological museum, a comfortable  
little reading room supplied with all the  
Russian newspapers and magazines, and a  
well chosen collection of about 1,000 books,  
among which I was somewhat surprised to  
find the works of Spencer, Buckle, Lewis,  
Mill, Lyell, Lubbock, Tyler, Huxley, Dar-  
win, Lyell, Tyndall, Alfred Russel Wal-  
lace, MacKenzie Wallace and Sir Henry  
Maine, as well as the novels and stories  
of Scott, Dickens, Marryat, George Eliot,  
George MacDonald, Anthony Trollope,  
Justin McCarthy, Emkemann-Chastrian, Ed-  
gar Allan Poe and Bret Harte.

The library was particularly strong in the de-  
partments of science and political economy,  
and the collection of books, as a whole,  
was in the highest degree creditable to  
the intelligence and taste of the people  
who made and used it. It gave me a  
better opinion of Semipalatinsk than any-  
thing that I had heard of or seen.

Most of the works of the scientific au-  
thors above named were expurgated Rus-  
sian editions. Almost every chapter of  
Lubbock's "History of Civilization" had  
been defaced by the censor, and in a  
hasty examination of it I found gaps  
where from ten to sixty pages had been  
cut out bodily. Even in this mutilated  
form, and in the remote Siberian town of  
Semipalatinsk, the book was such an ob-  
ject of terror to a cowardly government  
that it had been quarantined by order of  
the censor, and could not be issued to a  
reader without special permission from  
the minister of the interior. A similar  
taboo had been placed upon the works of  
Spencer, Mill, Lewis, Lubbock, Huxley  
and Lyell, notwithstanding the fact that  
the censor had cut out of them every-  
thing that seemed to him to have a "dan-  
gerous" or "demoralizing" tendency.—  
George Kennan in The Century.

A Prairie Fire in Burma.

There was no time to be lost. We could  
scarcely feel the approach of the destroy-  
ing flames. Under my instructions a  
light was obtained from the corncripples  
lantern, and the senior sergeant, who was  
now full of energy, being quite recovered  
from his drunken fit, with twenty men set  
fire to the grass in front of the bandy.  
Covering with a light, and as possible to  
the right and left of our position, the dry  
grass caught readily, the men working  
with a will to spread the flame, for we  
had but little time to spare. As soon  
as space was burned off suffi-  
ciently ample for the carts to  
rest upon, the drivers were ordered  
to go ahead. The ammunition chests  
being strongly constructed it would re-  
quire actual flame to ignite them, so we  
were in no danger from the sparks that  
were flying about. The frightened beasts  
were with difficulty persuaded to get  
upon the newly burned ground, it smok-  
ing hot and smoking. Well for us the  
Burmese are kind and considerate toward  
all animals under their charge, but for this  
fact the buffaloes would probably not have  
moved. We had advanced some couple  
hundred yards, and the heat was un-  
bearable, when the roaring flame behind  
us reached the spot where we had fired  
the grass. For a brief time the heat was  
tremendous, but our expedition was per-  
fectly successful. The body of flame dis-  
volved and rolled onward, warring on each  
side of us until the whole disappeared in  
the distance, and then we felt we were  
safe.

During the passage of the flames a  
most curious sight was witnessed by us.  
A number of living creatures were fleeing  
from the fire, keeping in the advance of  
it, and often falling victims to the flames.  
To the dromedaries, they were in an agony  
of terror, their savage instincts being for  
the time subdued. Tigers, buffaloes,  
deer, snakes and others were all mixed  
pell-mell together, none heeding the  
other, but thinking only of their own  
self preservation. As the fire receded we  
lost sight of them and went on our way  
rejoicing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Rapid Transformation Scenery.

A very ingenious arrangement for  
scenery has been invented which will  
work something of a revolution in pieces  
where rapid changes and transformations  
are necessary. So unique and complete is  
the invention that a change from an ex-  
terior to an interior, or vice versa, can be  
made almost instantaneously and without  
darkening the stage or lowering the  
lights, thus saving the time and expense  
of five scenes can be arranged with effect.  
In pantomimes and spectacular pieces the  
advantages will be most valuable.—New  
York World.

The Climate of Jamaica.

The climate of Jamaica surprised me,  
for, though very hot in the sun, it is so  
tempered by the land and sea breeze that  
in the houses the thermometer rarely rises  
above 85 degrees, sometimes in the winter  
season sinking as low as 65. It much re-  
sembles the summer climate of Virginia,  
though much damper, to which fact is  
due a great deal of the malaria and the  
terrible rheumatic fever which prevails.  
In the rainy season the dampness pours  
in through the "jalouses," of which the  
sides of the rooms are principally built,  
and which rarely close tightly. The books  
on the tables and on the shelves be-  
come covered with mildew and kid gloves are  
soon too spotted to wear, unless kept in a  
closely stoppered bottle. The houses are  
without means of being warmed in any  
way, as they are built without chimneys  
or fireplaces. This is a general rule, al-  
though I believe in the parish of St.  
Anne's, on the north side of the island,  
where there is a good deal of rainfall,  
some new houses are built with a chim-  
ney, and one room has a fireplace.—De-  
troit Free Press.

## SONG.

Oh, love, come on the sea girl's side  
When the strong sea sings with crystal hands;  
For the ebon pillars of night are stayed;  
And, in her tresses of gold arrayed,  
She waits a giant window overhead  
Till thou shalt come out, fair Eleanor,  
On the sea girl's side.

Oh, love, come out 'neath the twinkling stars,  
And gaze far down through thy burning eyes,  
And see where the wings of waiting love,  
With sun bright plumes like the purple dove,  
Are beating the bars of the secret door  
Of thy heart for thee, sweet Eleanor,  
'Neath the twinkling stars.

Oh, love, come out by the sleeping sea,  
Be worshipped by the stars and me,  
I have a secret here to tell—  
Till heart's desire knows it well;  
But thou shalt hear its melody  
Re-echoed by the waves for thee,  
By the sleeping sea.

—W. J. Henderson.

## VOMA AND VERA.

Long ago a beautiful fairy named Voma  
built a palace in the moon. From  
the earth, on a clear night, people could see  
the gorgeous pillars of her palace shining  
in their lonely splendor. It is, however,  
a long time since the beautiful fairy de-  
scended from the night, and her palace  
and her fairer being lying in ruin,  
although in fine weather we may still see  
the remains of it.

From her palace Voma used to visit the  
earth by sliding down a moonbeam, and  
then people would wonder at her beauty  
and her dress, and she would be so lovely,  
and earth seemed under such a spell of  
bliss. During her visit to this world she  
went into palaces and hovels, and she  
always, by some means known to herself,  
rectified errors and helped the miserable  
and oppressed.

Now, at this time, in the remote east,  
there lived an ogre named Ugo. He had  
a great, gloomy castle surrounded by high  
walls, and containing many dismal cells,  
into which he had thrust thousands of  
poor creatures, in his cruelty, and they  
never looked again upon the sun and  
the stars. During the night, however, the  
light of day never penetrated, and sad indeed was  
his lot. Voma had been in this castle; she  
had been through it unknown to him, and  
she had seen the misery of the prisoners.  
Being possessed of a power of doing universal good, she, by  
a spell, caused the desert round Ugo's  
castle to blossom in one night into a beau-  
tiful garden, from which the wind, carry-  
ing the sweet smells of the flowers, blew  
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